Pie, son of ---

The Jealous Pies, the Imposing Turkey and the Arrival of the Bandit Mouse

soup tureen could remember, and that plump and succulent security on the was many years, not a mouse had ever pantry shelves. been seen there. The most delicate and tempting bait had lured in vain. Pies, potatoes and turnips, each one selected poultry, ham and all sorts of savory left- for its perfection, in separate baskets on overs and not yet begunons had occupied the floor under the shelves. On the in procession those broad pantry shelves lowest shelf were the onions in a pan, all and never so much as a nibble had been round and white with beautiful transoffered them

the fates, before Thanksgiving traps of feathery green and white heads. On the different designs were set cunningly in shelf above was the turkey, a glorious the nooks and corners

larly once a year, of course a mouse never | Above that were set the pies, two mince

Twis the night before Thankegiving had got into that pantry, but there is titles for those you've got. Now as for In the house not a creature was stirring always a first time, and just suppose now me, belonging to the Daughters of the except perhaps the cat, least of all a it should happen on the night before The cat had attended to the Thanksgiving, when all the next day's matter of mice with thoroughness. In dinner was set out in majestic lusciousthe pantry, where she was not allowed, ness on the shelves! What a disastrous though of perfect manners, mouse traps thing that would be! If the turkey had reposed in idleness for some weeks should get nibbled one might disguise it before Thanksgiving. This in spite of somehow, though it is a very disgusting the fact that the pantry was known to be thought, but a nibbled pie could never be mended. So the Thanksgiving dinner As far back as the old blue and white with its guard of mouse traps rested in

To begin at the lowliest, there were the lucent tones. By their side on a paper However, as a sort of propitiation to lay the solid bunches of celery with specimen of his race weighing sixteen As the old soup tureen had said regu-pounds, lying in state on a heroic platter.



me for, positively rubbing grumbs off

are very superior pies indeed, with an unimpeachable ancestry traced back through many generations. My father

was the Hon. Sweet Pie, son of Gen. Brandy

Pie, son of Col. Indigestible Pie, son of

Major Expensive Pie, son of Capt. Pre-

"Goodness gracious!" eried the pump-

genealogy on me. It's easy enough to

invent ancestors that go back to the

Revolution, as I do, I have positive proof

my crust? I'll have you know that n

THE CRANBERRY JELLY.

been in one family for 150 years. We know that my Revolutionary ansoldiers were starving, so it was set up on the mantelshelf for all to admire, turkey to go with them. My ancestry stole it and divided it among themselves and not a crumb remained to tell the tale.

rats had been seen foraging about the at Jamestown. Pies will oblige me by camp. Now I call that a delightful story, keeping quiet." with its blending of humor and pathos, to

have attached to one's family." "Pooh!" said the mince pie. ner of the same shelf there was a mould doesn't erect a monument to that noble story proves. Our ancestors came over in py-ess of a mince pie."

served Pie, son of Lieut. Thanksgiving kin pie, "don't waste any more of your first pie that ever was and to imagine THE QUARREL OF THE PIES.

> were my progenitors, too luxurious for any but the well to do and aristocratic. They were the leaders in the Colonies and I'll warrant, you never saw one of them on a poor man's table; while as for pumpkin, it grew rank enough and was about all the poor had to live on. Very good sort of stuff, no doubt, but comm

"Don't tell me," snapped the pumpkin pie. "I know that most of your ancestors were in the last stages of decay and by no means fit to eat by the time they arrived in this country, and that their families had already thrown them into the

"Women, have done!" shouted a deep. gobbling voice. "You talk too much Females have their place in this world. of my forebears, the same recipe having and far be it from me to deny that in the matter of spinning and brewing and particularly in baking they are useful. cestor was baked by a patriotic lady for You must always remember that pies Gen. Washington's table at Valley Forge. would scarcely be tolerated unless the The General would not eat it because the turkey came first, and that it is the males who eat the pies anyway, and provide the But in the night some young officers who is quite superior to that of any food here shall be nameless, mere boys they were, represented. I belong to the Society of Colonial Blunderbusses and am a lineal descendant of the first turkey shot by "A report was started that some Tory Capt. John Smith the day he landed

ing as we are," called the rosy streaked paid no attention to. "You make apples. "We belong to the Mayflower



ourse there is nothing more important

"My descent is unquestionably much

higher than that of any one here, besides being most romantic," said the cranberry

jelly. "I am a member of the Society of

Indian Ancestors and come straight

from the Princess Pucker Your Mouth, who when she found the Englishman

Jedediah Jones starving in the marsh

fed him on cranberries till he found his

way out. The Princess was afterward introduced at all the courts of Europe

her a little tart."

in the United States than to have com over in the Mayflower with a conscience

THE DUTCH ONIONS.

"Oh, but you are not nearly as interest- French, which nobody understood and so I could swim in that pumpkin pie!

"Really, my good woman." hundreds of years before you were ever the first American apple trees. We are at the impending quarrel and "Fe- dinner." it said, "what are you sitting so close to heard of. Rich, strong, sturdy and rare very sorry for the rest of you, but of males!" bellowed the gobbler in the



voice of authority, when a shrill, squeaking

"Your money or your life!" it shrieked, and with a scuttle across the floor and some swift leaps a bandit mouse planted itself before the dinner with knife drawn, pistol cocked and teeth bared.

"Ha, ha!" it cried. "I understand no mouse has ever ventured on these premises before! Scared? Scared of what? a beggarly cat, some silly traps and a rep-But nothing scares me! I am a bandit bold, and I will have my toll of this good, this exceedingly good Thanksgiving dinner. Ha, ha! me smell of all and see where I shall begin!" Sniff! "Apples! Very fine, but too common. I can have my fill of apples any day, but presently when I have time I will nibble your red cheeks and spoil your beauty. Potatoes, onions and turnips! Not tempting, and you'll be of little use without the rest of the dinner. Hm! Turkey! Delicious! I must just have a nibble off the breastbone. But, no! I will look further first. What have we here? Pie! Do I see pie before me? Mince and pumpkin! Which shall I try?

"But, oh, these savory pieces oozing "It appears to be very good company." from the slits in the mince pie crust, and and two pumpkin, large, fat, brown and me perfectly sick with your silly senti- Provisions Progeny and we are so said the pumpkin pie in a stage whisper, what heavenly smells! Oh, what shall with a heavenly smell. Back in the cormental tales. It's a wonder your society superior. We have a conscience, as our "except that odious, stuck up Colonial I do? I am clean distracted. I never can tackle this job alone. I will go and ancestor of yours. A pie weeping milk the Mayflower and as long as they lasted "I wonder how such elegant society tell my ancestors unto the fifth generation Above this again a dish of handsome tears because Gen. Washington wouldn't eked out the poor food of the Colonists can endure a raw upstart creature like and my grandchildren an

As may be supposed, the viands had all

"PIES: BE QUIET!" SAID THE TURKEY. this time been quaking in deadly fear. The pumpkin pie shivered, the mines pie ozed cold perspiration, the turkey was all gooseflesh, the apples and onions feit heir skins crawl the celery shrivelled. All seemed lost, when a smooth voice from the far corner called: *Oh, Sir Mouse! You haven't looked at me. I am so sweet, so sticky and such a beautiful color. Come this way, right around this far side, where you will sme!

something very much to your advan-tage." It was the mould of cranberry jelly that spoke and the bandit mouse. dazed with the richness of its conque skipped giddily around the mould of jelly click! he was trapped, with never so much as time for a last squeak.

"That was Indian strategy," said the cranberry jelly, "and quite beyondathe brains of any of the rest of you." So the Thanksgiving dinner was saved.



THE PURITAN PIES.

I ne Muraer in the Aerial Building

Two Souls: A Skyscraper Tale.

THE BANDIT MOUSE APPEARS

of cranberry jelly of a beautiful ruby red.

Joel Faxon after a hard day's work smoked tranquilly the pipe of refreshment on the perch of the Aerial Building. The great edifice behind him was as mute and descrited as the broad square before him. He could reckon on his fingers the tonants who lingered and the belated passersby.

"There's ould Cosgrove of coorse. he muttered, "up on the eight' floor. It's more early and late with him than Mrs. Owen. Shure an old fool must be little piping voice sounded like a sick big fool not to know that the cards girl's run black toward the ind of life's pack Be the same token it's cold comfort, too, he's getting from her son Riginald unless so be he enjyes the exercise of forking since the good doctor dragged her out from the mire of black despair and set her up— Hello! Here comes his River-ence hisself acrost the square as light as if he hadn't been pounding the pave for the square as light as if he hadn't been pounding the pave for twelve hour. If iver there was a saint Dr. Noble. Won't you do me the honor

"If you will get a chair for yourself.

ever hear the like?"

They darted round the corridor into the handsome offices of Milton Cosgrove, banker. The electric lights shone pitilessly on the gray head, the ghastly face, the strained form lolling over the desk. It sent a telegraphic gleam from the revolver hanging from one stiffened tinger. revolver hanging from one stiffened finger and deepened into proof the dully spread-ing stain over the heart. God, to think he had the nerve to do

as he rose from his knees by the dead man showed but a shadow of faith "Oh, the irony of it, Faxon," he murmured, "while we were sitting there; when if

'What's going on here?" demanded a voice from the hall. A young man stepped in to learn more from one swift glance then

en pounding the pave for if iver there was a saint — Good evening to you. on't you do me the honor lies in the cool?"

"He asked me to stop and go home — ith him." at length he said. "Don't tell me he had everything to live for—he never killed himself. That telephoning was the assassin's stall' any one can imitate an old man's voice. Of course was the assassin's stan and imitate an old man's voice. Of course he's got away while you were all loitering up here, the front doors wide open and up here, the front doors wide open and

know that the proportion of suicide to And he too sprang forward to help population keeps fixed, as if it were a restrain the young man as he tore himself

neglect to draw the inference from it and the feminine quality of the voice over the telephone that the fatality had not been suicide, but murder done by a woman.

But there, we would all she had to tell "It's tay you do be wantin' fust!" cried Faxon. And with a bang of the cupboard and splash of the kettle he soon had a smoking cup set before his guest.

But there was no mention or hint of the fact, which might have led to another! startling deduction, that though Miss Helen Pettinger, the copyist, was known damnable wuk, miss, don't you see? to have been the only other tenant in the Don't you see?" said Joel Faxon after swept through. "Ouick into the car and up like hell! He just telephoned the house that he was going to kill himself and please notify his people—did you ever hear the like?"

swept through. "Ouick into the car building that night she was not seen when that look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's that same dom survivorship I was telling that night she was not seen when that look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's that same dom survivorship I was telling that night she was not seen when that look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's that same dom survivorship I was telling that night she was not seen when that look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's that same dom survivorship I was telling that night she was not seen when that look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's that same dom survivorship I was telling that night she was not seen when the look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's thought she was not seen when the look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face." It's that same dom survivorship I was telling that night she was not seen when the look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face. "It's thought she was not seen when the look of brave endurance had returned to Helen Pettinger's face." It's the belated search was made. Having the bel found much food for reflection.

"Survivorship?" he mused, when the out whin on top of two deat's in the fambly grove, now lies his unly chanhe lost all chanct of the milluns t'roo that wool it straight. Yis, this is how it goes. He had pursued me like a rat." Ould Cosgrove, it seems, had med his will, leaving iverything he died sneezed The grief on the clergyman's face of-that's an odd way of putting ither son by her first husband. But havknowledge, like, like a puff of smoke, begorry, acrost the roof. Well, the Lard unly knows what the young swell will do now, for the freer his stipfather dished it out the freer he blow it in-Hello Miss Pettinger? Come right in here, me in the clear morning light. "Helen," h

"If you will get a committee," said Paul Noble, missionary and street preacher. "Ah, that's somehing like. I agree with you it is pleasant but here—such a relief from the distractions of boosy and sout that business breeds."

The young man sighed and clasped his slender white hands. He was tall and slight and his clerical dress made him seem fragile. Over his cameo face as he looked out on the shadowy city as he looked out on the shadowy city as he sadness and horror that a battle.

The young man sighed and clasped his selender white hands. He was tall and slight and his clerical dress made him seem fragile. Over his cameo face as he looked out on the shadowy city as he directed the search of the distract out shadowy three hereself wearing uncertainly across uncertainly across uncertainly across that he course it's too late.

Calm and resourceful was Reginald out signs and stockway three heads and scale he char, and safe for a while in silence; he char, and safe for a while in silence; he char, and safe for a while he heave what fo

hatchway He hurried back and took the quite unnecessary precaution of lock-ing the door and drawing the shades.

ing well. They had scarcely omitted a y'are all prisent and accounted fur as if, hiding, for fear Suppose I tell what I he was burning to utter. There was known detail connected with Banker shall I say, you niver med a late evening know; suppose I silently permit the inhappiness ahead for them both. The

where the dead man had sat; nor did they gaze she settled back in her chair and told all she had to tell.

"He'll be thrying to undo his didly, counts of Mrs. Cosgrove's death and there odder leg I mean limb, me dear. Glory be! He'll do his utmost to have the t'eory of suicide stand, for in you. Misa it last sheet had been rumpled down, "no Helen Cosgrove, the sole heir and next of wonder that young Owen wind own and kin of her late diseased uncle, Milton Cos-

"In me?" returned the girl. "Why. dom' quirk of the law. Let me see if I Reginald Owen hates me venomously

"It's him that will do the squeaking mind that, though," continued the janitor. "He hoped to kill two burds with wan to his second wife, who naturally wud stun-I mean shot-by having his mother have left it to her unly child, Riginald, inherit and t'rowing the suspicion of murder on you in case ould Cosgrove over with the lift hand what he has just dragged in with the right And he's the unity tinant above, excipt of coorse Miss Pettinger, a-hammering the ivories in that hole in the wall on the nint' flure, She can't work too long and too late

"while we were sitting there; when if I bad known I might have stayed his hand I been killed hersilf three hours and ing been killed hersilf three hours and straightened his mind Doesn't it was the money, the money, the money he must have, that druv him died intestate, and his great grove thin died intestate, and his great all children in the light of eternity—that is why God is so merciful."

She can't work too long and too late It was the money, the money, the dom estate, instid of iltimetly dropping like estate, instid of iltimetly dropping like ping at the hatchway. I'll lay me head a ripe plum into young Riginald's hands goes to some girl, the only darter of tis himsilf. Now thin, do what I say. 'tis himsilf. Now thin, do what I say. 'Let him go, please!" cried Helen. "He can do no harm now. I would not have his blood on my head. Let him go far, far the control of that he shie of God?

Cosgrove's unly brother, who is also dead. who has disappeared from all sight and kin hear ivery wud, let him in, lead him on and on. The unly way to deal with a snake is to pull his fangs.

It was Reginald Owen truly who sprang where out on the roof when Miss Pettinger reluctantly drew the bolt from the hatch-Somewan's coming up the steps. What? way to stand ghastly white and shaking cried with impassioned gestures. "I knew you were still hiding in the building. I felt you must be here. That prying Faxon is nowhere about-you are alone Yes; then come into the house, I beg you. We must talk for your good, for mine, for

our common good; come. Silently, steadfastly, the girl led the way; silently, agitatedly, Owen followed; each too mentally intent to note that a dark slender form had stolen up the steps and after a moment's hesitation was creeping around to the further side of bot', doctor," said Faxon consolingly.

"But a brand here and there snatched from the burning. Faxon, while the fires keep raging steadily on and on. *Do you know that the proportion of suicide to normalization.

"Through the park?" gasped Reginald open wind to do, and bis heart warmed toward her.

"Through the park?" gasped Reginald open window over which the shade was over which the shade was to do, and bis heart warmed toward her.

"Oh, if I only knew what to do, at length she moaned.

"About 8 o'clock, sir —Quick, gents, and hold him. I knowed it would go hard with him."

And he compared to the further side of the house, there to overhear through the open window over which the shade was open window open drawn. They entered, they faced each

keep right greating on any one was steaded to specific the could even be stated and sorrow without at levided by sin and sorrow without at levided by sin and sorrow without appeal?"

*But it were and well worked out whin you started to prevint the state and well worked out whin you started to prevint the depth of the work and the prevint the depth of the work and the prevint time states and the sum of the prevint time states and the prevint time s population keeps fixed, as if it were a tax levied by sin and sorrow without aspeal?"

But it wud be higher if it wusn't for 700, sir—that's shure, A good t'ought it wore and weil worked out whin you started to prevint the desprit from accoming of thimselves. However, the whole relief meaning on the said persuasively, "the ting in the door and drawing the shades.

Do?" he said persuasively, "the ting it enough that in your wicked plotting to do, my dear, is to tell me all about it. You don't suppose, do you, that I give wan dom for the law in comparison with bein's square and thrue to a good girgl in distress? Well, thin, as a starter let me advise you to trow those flimsy hard to starve; that you drove me almost to shame—no, thank God, for death was preferable to shame—that you would here, gey thim to me. I'll break thim have driven me to death had it not been have driven me to death had it not be not driven me to death had it not been have driven me to death had it not been have driven me to death had it not been have driven me to death had it not been have driven me to death had it not been have driven me to death had it not been had drawing the

Pettinger against the advice of my one true friend, who brought me to this building to work and wait until I had proved myself worthy. until time and opportunity should bring me to his notice. I was discouraged, im-patient, wrong. I did go to his office, but he was dead—dead. I was so frightbut he was dead—dead. I was so fright-ened that I never stopped to heed the little signs of my presence which I now re-member had aiready been placed there. I rushed out in time, in time to see you gliding down the back way. Then I knew how younged caught me in trap. Then I led too paniestroken to think to hide myself. too paniestricken to think, to hide myself may be condemned, but I'll save my out. I'll have no part or share with you

murderer murderer!"
"It was for love of you. Helen; I swear
it," whined Owen. "Come, be sensible;
what difference does a year or so make
to a haif dead dotard? Mony is all there

"I say you will you are alone; no one

is, that makes the grand witness with ivery juryman in the box ready to take

away ___ Yis, I will let him go, agreed Faxon, after a pause, far, far away he knows

IV. From his hiding Dr Paul Noble saw

Reginald Owen creep like a galvanized corpse over the roof and down the hatchway, his face shadowed with the janitor' awful meaning; but he uttered no sound. he made no move. A moment before but for Faxon's sudden descent, he was liberated my soul."

"Tis that dom survivorship all hands around." muttered Faxon as he rubbed throttle Owen. And now every fibre of body and spirit was tingling for the first time with absolute hate and loathing for the man who had wronged, who would have so grievously wronged, the woman he already loved, and who, as her words showed, might already love him. Could he in this present intensity have saved this man by the movement of a finger from the self-destruction which Faxon had suggested and which he was so obviously seeking, he still would have stood motionless And yet, from the depths of his

known detail connected with Banker shall I say, you niver med a late evening to utter. They told how a fine drawn hairpin of the sort known to the trade as "invisible" had been found on the floor of the office not far from the desk where the dead man had sat; nor did they where the dead man had sat; nor did they shall she had to told.

It is prisent and accounted fur as if, siding, for fear Suppose I tell what I show; suppose I silently permit the in-know; suppose I silently permit the in-know; suppose I tell what I show; suppose I silently permit the in-know; suppose I silently

about his own soul? It was black with tack than you might think. We are mortal passions. What had become of solemnly vowed to do? The man who with which to fasten down the blotter deliberately refused to keep his fellow from self-murder was a murderer himself. down the hatchway.

him down and down the stairs to the eleventh floor and into the handsome offices of Milton Cosgrove, banker. Again a for various purposes; for thumb tacks are made of brase, we steel and with a German silver finish, and in these plain commonly used sorts they are made in various styles and sizes for various purposes; for thumb tacks with a revolver in his hand; the very reis to life, and we will have millions, millions, think of it, together nald Owen had taken the night before from his dead sterfather's hand. Regivolver, he saw with a flash, which Regifrom his dead stepfather's hand. Regi-

"I say you will—you are alone; no one can hear you. Talk about shame, I'll shame you if you don't—"
Even as the frenzied wretch rushed forward Faxon sprang down upon him, bearing and beating nim to the floor, throttling and shaking him into subjection, and then jerking him like a bundle of rags into a chair.

"Sit there, dom you, and don't dare move, or I'll kill you again," growled Faxon. "Fust to bind you and thin for the perleece. Oh, but you're a dead duck, without a peep of a show. It's Faxon, it is, that makes the grand witness with livery juryman in the box ready to take live is a sent bundle in the chair. Then he bent over him tenderly with soothing hand.

You must go, as you promised, far, far away; not to the place where Judas went, but to where you may yet have time to repent. Linen while I pray for forgiveness for us both."

ness for us both."

Paul Noble was spent too when at length
he returned to the little house on the
roof. Even as he swayed he saw the
flash of love, he felt its confiding embrace as Helen Pettinger sprang to tend
his dripping wound. "He is gone." he his dripping wound. "He is gone," he murmured, "far, far away - to be a better man, not a lost man. Oh, my dear, now we may be happy together, for 1 too have

his eyes.

A New Passion Play

Berlin correspondence London Daily Mail. "The Life of Jesus," a new Passion play under Protestant auspices, will be given for the first time next summer at Eisenach, Saxe-Weimer. Eisenach is known as the "Cradle of the Reformation" since it was a single caster and put it on himself if he wants to or he could in like manner remained by the could be could in like manner remained by the could be could in like manner remained by the could be could

The new Passion play will be performed

THE SIMPLE THUMB TACK Which Turns Out to Be, After All, Not So Simple as It Seems.

The thumb tack may seem to be a very To liberate her soul? Yes, but how the same time there is more in the thumb likely to consider the thumb tack merely his consecrated mission? How was he as a short, sharp pointed tack with a flat about his Master's business which he had smooth head that we buy at the stationer's on our desk or writing table, and we may be familiar with only one sort, such as we With a moan of shame, with a cry of con- always buy; but they are really made in trition, Paul Noble shot over the roof and hundreds of varieties and when even at that there is not found just what is wanted they are sometimes made to

for various purposes; for thumb tacks are not only used in homes and offices to keep down a blotting pad; they are used also by artists, engineers, archi-tects, draughtsmen, by many professiona people who have occasion to keep papers of one sort and another spread out and secured.

And then there are thumb tacks with

heads enamelled in various colors, and such tacks as these are made not only of the appropriate color but with the appropriate initial letter on them for colappropriate initial letter on them for col-leges and schools. All these various sorts of thumb tacks are sold for their various more or less familiar uses on desks and tables, and these great numbers of colored thumb tacks are sold for various ornamental uses, in pinning up picture mate and curtains and in fastening up he bent over him tenderly with soothing hand.

"Oh, my brother." he said, "don't you brow that the one life of all others that a So when you come to ask about thumb tacks the response is very likely to be surprising. One New York concern in whose business they are a small item carries in stock a thousand gross of thumb tacks. tacks, this stock being kept constantly renewed. There are sold in the United States millions of thumb tacks annually.

> HOME PIANO REPAIRING. Men Who Buy the Hardware and Fix Their Planos Up Themselves.

> One's notion of piano hardware is likely to be that it is material of various sorts used in the manufacture and repair or planes, an idea that would be in the main correct, but at the same time there is more or less of such material sold at re-tail to private owners of pianos who may be skilled in the use of tools and who undertake to do their own repairing to save expense, and such purchasers may includ-men who have no knowledge of music.

though they may have the mechanical expertness required for the job.

Obviously no great skill is required in place a broken hinge or a screw, and he can buy any of these things; but the home repairer does more ambitious work still.